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sponded the prisoner, "that, as I had heard what bellicose people the men of Scratchby were, I eschewed their society altogether till the arrival of my fellow commissioner, Mr. Boreham Brushall, might enable me to inquire into the abuses of this corporation with sufficient effect. But in the mean time, Mr. Mayor and the rest of them having determined to be beforehand with me, I suppose, accuse me of being no less a person, Mortimer, than that notorious will-o'-the-wisp, Mr. Swing!"

"On what grounds, may I ask, have this worshipful assemblage brought this accusation against my friend here, who is the Honourable Blackstone Littleton, of the Inner Temple, one of the commissioners empowered by ministers to inquire into the abuses of corporate bodies?" asked Sir Mowbray, as soon as he could conquer his risibility.

"Will Mr. Littleton be pleased to account for his absence from the Mermaid between six in the evening, and an hour past midnight on the night of the conflagration on Farmer Rickman's premises?" said Mr. Hawk, the only one who was not struck speechless by the ominous name and business of the mysterious lodger.

"Mr. Littleton did me the honour of dining with me at seven that evening, and kindly remained here till nearly the hour you mention," said Sir Mowbray.

"But, sir, the purchase of the box of Lucifers still remains to be explained," said the abashed, yet pertinacious town-clerk.

"Sir," replied Mr. Littleton, "I always use Lucifers to ignite my cigars, for which purpose I purchased a box of these articles on the day of which you speak. I happen to have it about me, gentlemen, and beg to produce it for your satisfaction, still unopened. And now, gentlemen, I hope when I, in conjunction with my colleague, Mr. Brushall, (whom I expect to-morrow) proceed to inquire into corporation abuses, you will be able to return as satisfactory answers to our queries, as I have done to yours!"

The mayor and corporation, who had dreaded the long threatened advent of these commissioners of inquiry, worse than the cholera, stood aghast at the adventure, while Dick, the constable, scarcely needed their sign to release the wrists of this important personage from the handcuffs.

"Indeed, Sir," apologized Mr. Fox, "if you had only been kind enough to add your name to the list of the reading-room, we should have been aware who you were, and conducted ourselves with proper respect."

"I am sure, Sir, if we had taken you for a gentleman, it would have been very different," whined the mayor.

"And if you had suspected me of being a commissioner of inquiry," said Mr. Littleton, "I suppose I might have purchased Lucifers enough to put the whole county in a blaze, without being called to an account for it—so that I had not thrown too much light on your proceedings."

For the benefit of such of my readers as may be curious respecting the development of minor mysteries, I beg to state that Mr. Commissioner Littleton's portmanteau having been mis-sent, he was reduced to the necessity of borrowing articles of dress of his friend, Sir Mowbray Mortimer, at whose mansion he had regularly performed his mysterious toilet, while he had been the "mysterious lodger" at the Mermaid!

A MARRYING MAN.

BY MRS. AEDY.

Never warn me, my dear, to take care of my heart,
When I dance with yon Lancer, so fickle and smart;
What phantoms the mind of eighteen can create,
That boast not a charm at discreet twenty-eight;
A partner, 'tis true, I would gladly command,
But that partner must boast of wealth, houses, and land;
I have looked round the ball-room, and, try what I can,
I fail to discover one Marrying Man!

Time was, in the pride of my girlhood's bright dawn,
All but talented men I regarded with scorn,

Wits, authors, and artists, then beamed me about,
Who might each have passed muster at Lady Cork's rout;

In duets, I had always a second well skilled;
My album with sonnets and sketches was filled;
I went on the brisk "march of intellect" plan,
But the "march" countermands ev'ry Marrying Man!

How oft, when mamma would sage counsels impart,
Have I pouted and wept at her hardness of heart;
She cared not for genius—her idol was pelf;
Now I've grown just as icy and hard as herself.
Alike I am rock to the handsome and wise,
To wit and to waltzing, to singing and sighs,
Nay, Phœbus himself would come under my bun,
For he certainly is not a Marrying Man!

Finding London a failure, I varied my path,
I "took tea" with the painted old ladies of Bath;
At Hastings, the hills laboured panting to reach;
At Ramsgate, sat out with a book on the beach;
At Cheltenham walk'd to the band's matin sound,
At Brighton, "missed aim" on the archery ground!
Through each place pointed out by the "Guide," have I ran,

But the Guide would not point to one Marrying Man!

That object seems still the philosopher's stone,
Another "ninth statue," a new "Great Unknown";
I have tried all the schemes and manœuvres of old,
And must strike out some measure decisive and bold.
I'll try a *deep* plan in the diving-bell soon,
Or, with Green's assistance, I'll visit the moon!
Yes, yes—sure the last's an infallible plan,
If the "Man in the Moon" be—A MARRYING MAN!

MONASTERY OF CLONARD IN THE COUNTY OF MEATH.

This now insignificant spot, which is situate near the river Boyne, in the barony of Moyfeurath, and county of Meath, was formerly a place of great splendour and considerable importance. It was heretofore called Chlaini-raird, which signifies the retirement on the western height, and more anciently Rossfunchuill. However inconsiderable it appears at present, it was once famed as a bishop's see, and boasted of an abbey of regular canons as well as of a nunnery for regular canonesses, dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

St. Kyrán, the son of Boetius and Dasercha, who was called the son of the artificer, and in the year 548 founded the famous abbey of Clonmacnoise, in the King's County, having received a grant of that place, together with Inis-Aingin and one hundred churches in Meath, from Dermid, the son of Cervail, monarch of Ireland, a short time before his death, which took place in 549, bestowed Clonard upon St. Finian. Finian, who was of high descent, and eminent as a divine and philosopher, founded here an abbey, and dedicated it to St. Peter. He also established a school here, at which were instructed several men remarkable for learning and piety. In the year 548 he died of the plague, on the 12th of December, on which day annually he is commemorated at Clonard.

From the annals of the abbey of Clonard we collect the following, as the most remarkable of the vicissitudes to which it was exposed. In the year 838 the Danes destroyed it and put the clergy to the sword. These ruthless invaders also destroyed it in 888. King Congalach, in 949, exempted it from cess and other charges. In 1156, the people of Brefney (now the county of Leitrim and part of Cavan) not only rivalled but surpassed the Danes in the ruthlessness of their conduct towards this religious house; for they not only ravaged and sacked the abbey, but stripped naked O'Daly, then chief poet of Ireland, leaving him in that situation. They at the same time carried away the sword of St. Finian, an instrument which, indeed, must have been better suited to the hands of such freebooters than to those of the inmates of a peaceful monastery. Donuaid O'Doin Fhiacha, lord of Teaffia, became a great penitent, and died here in 1141; and a great part of the abbey, and all the library was consumed by